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Hawaiian Gazette

TEN - PAGE EDITION.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1890.

LETTER FROM COL. SPALDING.

Hawaii at the Exposition—Sketches of the Old Country.

Chinese and the Mechanics—Some Wholesome Advice.

SAN REMO, ITALY, Dec. 10, 1889.

MR. EDITOR: I suppose the time has gone by, when the "devil" of the newspaper office was the terror of the sanctum, with his cry for "more copy," and that now-a-days your "valuable space" is filled with more important matter than foreign correspondence. Still a few lines of "filling" may come in handy, some day when there is a dearth of revolutions and other excitements, and I give you leave to cut, curtail, and eliminate to suit yourself.

As all your readers know, the great "Exposition Universelle" has closed; but perhaps they do not all know that little Hawaii came out with credit to herself, and received praise from those most competent to judge. One of the very first, among foreign countries, to be ready with her exhibit and open her doors to the public, she attracted an amount of interest quite unparalleled, considering her dimensions and small financial outlay. This was due to the energy, good taste, and wise selection made by our friend Mr. Hassinger, of the Interior Department, when he formed the "exhibit" out of the chaos of articles submitted and "picked up" in the few days allowed him to perform a work of months. If any credit or honor is due from the people to any one concerned in the exhibition, I beg to ask that it be given to Mr. Hassinger.

But I also ask the privilege and pleasure of introducing a gentleman whose exertions in Paris were the means of our attaining that success which was only possible through our exceptionally favored circumstances. I refer to Monsieur Alfred Houle, H. H. M.'s Charge d'Affaires and Consul-General, at Paris, who made and perfected the arrangements by which the Hawaiian exhibit was shown to the greatest possible advantage. M. Houle is a gentleman in every sense of the word, and naturally does everything in a gentlemanly way. When I arrived in Paris with my working clothes, expecting to have to "pitch in" (as we say on the plantation) and "put things to rights," I was agreeably surprised by finding everything done, and well done. The pretty little pavilion, with its thatched roof and Hawaiian streamers, looked like a grass house that had been "evolved" by Parisian architects until it would answer for any country, and the interior was arranged in such pleasing style, with the many familiar portraits and objects of interest, that one instinctively entered the door with "aloha" on the lips. The room was flanked on either side by large black wood exhibition cases, glass fronts, containing the feather cloak, helmet, and other valuable articles, while the King's wardrobe furnished a "piece de resistance" (as the French natives say) and served to display, on the back, the photographs of Brother Dillingham's fat cows.

The visitors' eye, on entering, was at once attracted by the excellent photographs of the King and Queen, on either side of the large end window, while the top and center was handsomely set off by the silken banner of the Honolulu W. C. T. U. In the center of the room His Majesty's large table of native woods, and Commissioner Cummin's handsome kahili attracted much attention. It was hard to make people believe that such work could be done in a country they looked upon as still the home of savages, and many insisted that the articles had been made by Parisian workmen.

As one went out of the door, he could not fail to notice the large frame containing the photographic likenesses of our excellent school board with their handsome secretary.

On the sides of the main building were glass and covered galleries, where the large photographs were displayed. These were much admired, especially the volcano views, and books of island scenery and duplicates, at reasonable prices, would have found ready sale.

The schools' exhibit was also here displayed to good advantage. The sugar and coffee display was not large, as it was not intended to compete for prizes in articles of trade or consumption. The bottle of native "okolehao" was put in as a curiosity, and not as a sample of Hawaiian productions; but some member of the jury probably had a corkscrew in his pocket and the flavor was unique enough to warrant a prize being given!

When I tell you that the whole expense of the exhibit has been only about \$6,000, and that it has been thought valuable enough to keep for exhibition in Germany next year, you will, I think, agree that the money might have been worse spent. To people accustomed to seeing the articles exhibited, and acquainted with the resources of the islands, the exhibit might not have seemed of any great value or interest. But to the thousands who learned for the first time that Hawaii was a civilized country, with an independent government, the display was interesting and important.

Now, as few if any of your readers have ever been in Europe, and as no one ever thinks of writing letters to the papers, or giving publicity to their

journeys, you may perhaps expect that I am going to favor you with a detailed list of the time tables of European railways, and a description of all the old ruins in the guide books. But I am not. The information is too valuable to "give away."

But I will give you a piece of advice, as that is always acceptable and cheap. If you or any of your friends think of visiting Europe in the hope or expectation of bettering your condition, my advice is "Don't." You have the finest climate in the world; one of the best governments the sun ever shone upon; plenty to eat and not always bad cooks to prepare it; money or credit to secure a passage to Kauai and back when you want "a pleasant change"; and plenty of Solons to instruct you, through the medium of the daily and weekly press, upon all possible and impossible subjects. What more would you have?

Still, if you insist upon knowing where we have been, and what we have seen that was not as good as at home, I might (as a matter of precaution) tell you that we have been lost in the yellow fogs ("pea soup" is the English for it) of old London, and have tramped the moors of Sunderland and Caithness as far as "John O'Groats." We have climbed the Rigi, with the aid of a Jacob's Ladder railway, and we have glided down the historic Rhine on a steamer crowded with Cook's tourists from every clime. We have stood among the gaping crowd, awaiting the moment when the great Strasburg clock should strike the hour of 12, and that ancient spring chicken clap his rusty wings and give forth his asthmatic crow as the signal for the daily inspection; and we have scaled the glassy sides of Mont Blanc on the backs of mules even more lazy than those of a Maui plantation. We have crossed the Alps three times (not much of hills either) and have ploughed the waters of the much loved Lake Como, where lived and loved the "only original" Claude and Pauline. We have visited with great pleasure and admiration that wonderful work of engineering the Forth bridge, compared to which the Eiffel tower is a child's toy, and we have gazed with wonder, if not satisfaction, upon that great waste of man's energy and means, the spire of the Cologne cathedral.

We have been to Marengo and to Waterloo, the Alpha and Omega of Napoleon, and we have looked upon the last resting place of that incomparable "soldier of fortune," under the magnificent dome of the Invalides, with a strange mixture of feeling—half reverence, half pity, but wholly interesting.

We have been inside of all the 365 castles, palaces and prisons occupied by that ubiquitous Queen, Mary of Scots, and we have groped our way through the dark cells and dungeons of Chillon, made famous by Byron's poetic account of the sufferings of the heroic Bonniyard. We have visited the battle-field of Gravelotte, and wondered at the audacity of the Germans in trying to capture Metz; but we have ceased to wonder at the results of a campaign where such generalship was displayed. We have stood upon the field of Culloden where Prince Charlie made his "last stand," and where the brave highlanders threw away their lives in blind devotion to that ruinous idea of the divine right of kings. We have made our pilgrimage to Abbotford, as everybody does, and have paid our shilling to see the underground pigeon house (said to have been the library of Bruce) at the nondescript castle of "Hawthornden," and we have thrown in a pour boire of sixpence to the old cicerone who related to us the poetic greeting and response between the then proprietor and old Ben Jonson on the occasion of the latter's visit, as follows: "Welcome! Welcome! Rare old Ben!" "Thankye! Thankye! Hawthornden!"

We have—but why prolong the list? Does not everybody visit the same places, and admire the same "old masters"—especially those that are so black you can't tell what they are meant? And do you suppose we would allow them to pain off any modern trash on us, just because we were savages?

But do not imagine there is nothing in Europe worth seeing, or that even a Sandwich Islander cannot learn something new—if he tries hard.

There's the great "Mer de Glace" that would take all the heat of Madam Pele's kitchen 10,000 years to melt into water. If Hawaii can boast the greatest known fire hole, Switzerland can furnish ice enough to cool it down. Looking upon those immense fields of solid ice, miles in length and width and thousands of feet deep, one can scarcely realize that they are but congealed forms of moisture, slowly melting at their base and being the source of mighty rivers, but as surely forming each succeeding season, at their highest points among the mountain tops, and irresistibly moving in their downward course, grinding the solid rock beneath and forming those wonderful ridges known as "moraines." To me the Glaciers are the most interesting feature of Switzerland, and in fact of Europe. But our ideal in scenery, as well as perfection in living, was found within the realms of Her Britannic Majesty. Way up in Scotland are to be seen some of the prettiest lakes in the world. "Loch Maree," and "Loch Katrine," for instance, and although their "Bens" (Lomond, Nevis, etc., etc.) are not much in the way of mountains, when compared with our own Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, they are fine hills and serve to break the monotony of the landscape. A trip through the Caledonian Canal is far more pleasant than crossing the Hawaiian channel, and if the next road to the Volcano is as smooth and well made as that in Scotland the money will be well spent.

Then the green of the grass of old England! Such a beautiful green that one is contented to see "miles and miles" of it, although otherwise it would look like a waste of the raw material. The splendid railways, handsome cities, and picturesque villages, all going to make up that perfection of living nowhere else to be found. To be sure, the monster Cathedrals—those relics of a by-gone despotism which still mars the symmetry

of the British government by its union of "Church and State"—often look out of place in the midst of the pigmies that surround them, as for instance "Durham," among the shabby dwellings of a mining town; but there are plenty of beautiful churches and buildings in all the cities, fit and seemly for their purposes and attractive to the eye.

No one need go outside of England, Scotland and Ireland, to find the finest scenery and the highest civilization in the world—as well as touches of the finest climate. But it has contrasts of plague spots, worse than heathen, and its "off days" of climatic uncertainty. An Edinburgh wind is sharper than a cane knife, and the cold rain of Liverpool will irrigate you through and through before you know it. The dwellings of the poor in the large cities and mining towns, are bad enough; but God pity the "Crofters" who eke out a living on the barren lands of the Isle of Skye and elsewhere, and live (?) in huts and hovels compared with which our meaneast plantation houses are models of comfort and eloquence.

Did you ask what we have seen that we don't have at home? Ruins! Ruins! Ruins!!! No place in Europe is counted much unless it has its "Ruins," and I am so glad I left that old Kapaa chimney standing, for the benefit of future generations.

Why, I even slept one night in a little tavern that butts up against the ruins of "Melrose Abbey," so close as to be actually within the limits of the space formerly occupied by the Abbey itself; and my window being favorably located, I could sleep with one eye upon the venerable ruin, so well described by the great novelist.

To be sure it does take off the romance somewhat, to be asked for a shilling (like one of Barnum's side shows) as you approach some "lordly pile," or to find the inevitable display of photographs and curios for sale in the very spot where you had expected to silently commune with the spirits of the past; but then you must remember the "compound interest" that has been accruing all these years, and not expect to have your "Ruins" for nothing.

Why do we stay here? Well, because we have found a place that is so much like home. They even had an earthquake here, not long ago, and their principal "ruins" are the result of it.

We had been wandering around trying to find an European Kealia, where we might rest from the labors of pleasure seeking. We had been smoked out of Glasgow—blown away from Edinburgh—fogged out of London and frozen out of Paris. Macon would have been pleasant, had it not been inundated—Aix-les-Bains was like "The last rose of summer," and we moved on to Turin. Now Turin is a fine city, and has attractions enough to last a long while, but the gentle breezes from the Alps, in winter, are not favorable to the growth of sugar cane, or the comfort of cane growers.

San Remo is just far enough within Italy, not to be in France—although if there had been level land enough here for the French to stand on, they might have gobbled it when they did Savoy.

It was built in 1, 1 1/2 or 2, with a few additions in the shape of hotels, when strangers were found to be more profitable than Olives. The town, that is, the hotels, may be said to be suspended on the side of the mountain. The railway occupies the level land near the sea. The streets, in some places, are a succession of steps cut in the solid rock, and only wide enough for the pedestrians and small donkeys to pass up and down. Most of the carrying trade is done by women. I have seen four women carry a good sized piano on their heads.

The houses are all of stone or rough rock covered with cement stucco. Even the roofs and floors are generally stone or tiles, and consequently last forever, unless tumbled down by an earthquake. In the old parts of the town it is not uncommon to see arches extending over the narrow streets as supports for beams for the houses on either side. As a rule the houses are square built, and an Italian villa is about as far from our ideas of architectural beauty as it is possible to conceive. They call them all by name, generally a feminine name, as that seems to be their idea of good form. They say "ella e," literally "she is," instead of "vo siete," you are, when they want to be very polite. Or "comanda," (literally "does she command"), for "what do you want?"

As a people, the Italians are far ahead of what I had supposed them to be. They have been down-trodden for centuries and are poor to the extreme, but they are industrious, frugal, polite, and generally honest—at least in the northern parts of Italy. I hope to see some of the good families (say Piedmontese) transferred to our sugar lands, where they would make good laborers and I think fair citizens.

And this reminds me that I have just been reading about those dreadful Chinese who have brought Mr. Kinney back from San Francisco. I didn't scare much over the revolution, but I must confess that the S. F. Examiner made my hair stand (what there is left) by its graphic account of the "Chinese in Hawaii!" I had no idea that they were "taking possession of Hawaii" so rapidly. And when I read in the Bulletin the speech of my friend Tommy Lucas to the effect that it might be necessary "to bust up" the plantations in order to get rid of the Chinamen, I immediately sat down to write to Morgan to discharge all his carpenters. About that time I received the plantation monthly report, and I copy the names of the carpenters employed, with the rates of wages paid, for the benefit of those who think the plantations are employing Chinese to the detriment of white men.

	Per day.		Per day.
E. Morgan	\$4.50	Anahola	\$2.00
A. Wilson	4.00	Kapahulima	2.00
Wm. King	3.50	Kamau	1.50
T. Colburn	3.00	J. H. Souza	1.50
J. Neal	3.00	G. Brooks	1.25
Seal	3.00	Ant. Alameda	1.00
E. Goodman	2.50	Yun Gee	2.00
J. A. Souza	2.00	Ah Ming	2.00
Paulo	2.00	Ah Chung	2.00
		Japanese	\$1.00 per day.

I saw Mr. Macfie's letter on behalf of the planters, and Mr. Kinney's reply to

it. I think both gentlemen are wrong. The plantations need no apologist for employing such labor, skilled or otherwise, as is necessary to do their work; and the mechanics of Honolulu cannot do worse for themselves or their cause than to array themselves against the plantations. The money paid by plantations for skilled labor (which is mostly white or native) bears a much greater proportion to the whole expense than is generally known. My last "monthly report" shows that there was paid out during the month to white and native skilled labor the sum of \$4,304.25 and \$158 to three Chinese carpenters. These last have been on the plantation for years—as well as some of the white men and natives.

But, as a planter, I do not deny the Honolulu mechanics the right to protect themselves from the encroachments of unnecessary servile labor, and I am willing at all times to aid them in any sensible plan that may be proposed for redressing any real grievance. The conditions of Honolulu are peculiar. Its climate is favorable to the cheap living and working of the Chinaman, and he should be restricted whenever it is found that he unfairly and unnecessarily competes with men who are more useful to the commonwealth. But we must not confound real with apparent necessities. There may be work for 100 carpenters, or 100 blacksmiths, or 100 bricklayers for a few months—owing to sudden requirements in one of those lines—but it would be asking too much to say that legislation should be directed toward furnishing these men steady employment. Skilled labor must be had when it is needed, and the prices to be paid will vary according to the supply and demand. But on the plantations cheap (and necessarily ignorant) labor is constantly required to enable them to produce sugar at a profit, for the reason that all other sugar countries have cheap labor, and if the cheap work is not done the plantation cannot give employment to skilled labor.

The question is not and never has been the restriction of the Chinese but, how to do it? Mr. Kinney thinks he knows a way. If the majority agree with him let it be tried. But let the interests of all be protected alike, and mark any man as worse than a knave if he attempts to carry his point by setting up one class against another. I do not ask anything for myself, as a planter, that I am not ready to grant to the humblest artisan. If it is necessary in order to save the country, that all the cheap labor be sent out of the country, then my plantation must be wound up and my skilled employees be discharged.

I must confess to thinking there is rather more politics than sympathy in the ardent love sometimes expressed for the mechanic. There may be exceptions to the rule, and it may be necessary to protect these exceptions, but generally a good